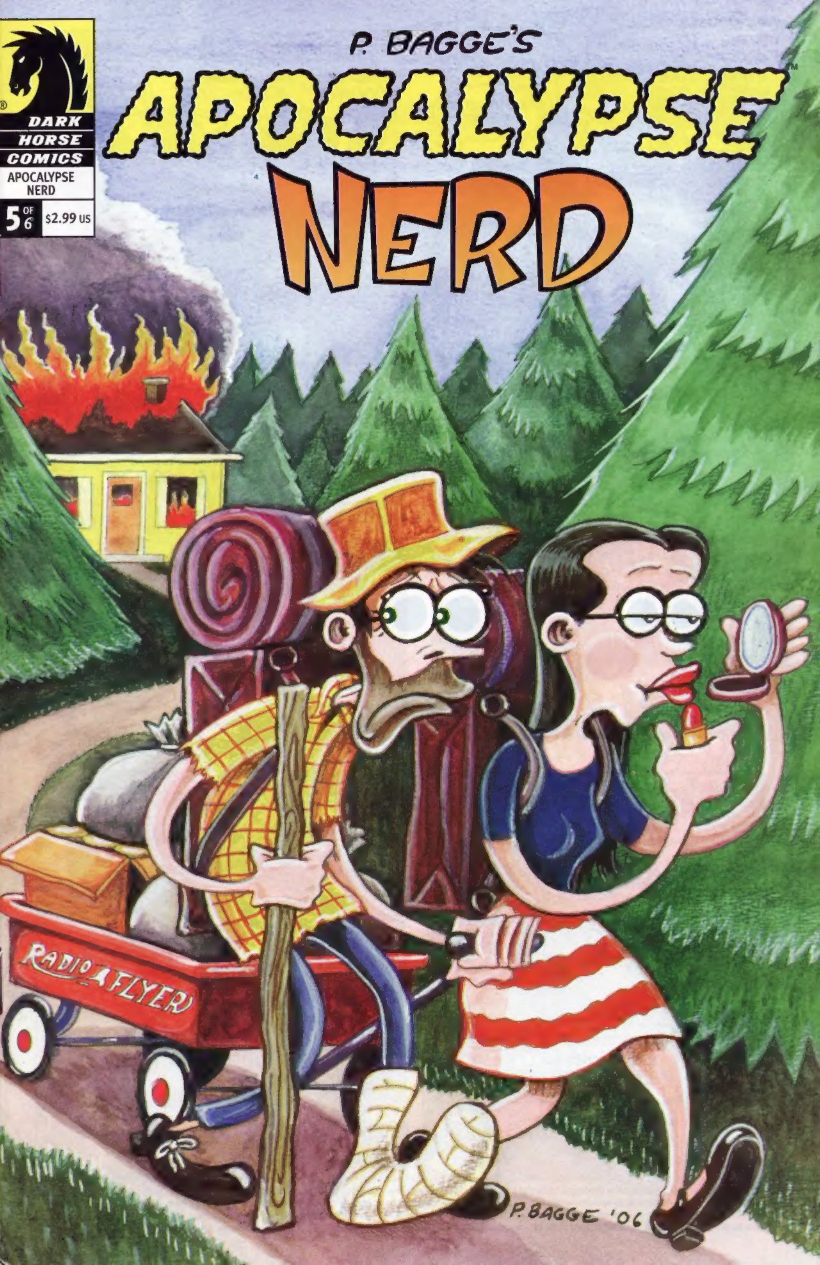

DARK HORSE COMICS
APOCALYPSE NERD
5 OF 6 $2.99 US
P. BAGGE'S
APOCALYPSE NERD
RADIO FLYER
P. BAGGE '06

Story and art by PETER BAGGE

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ONE WEEK LATER...
OH DEAR, LOOK AT THAT RAIN...
IT'S REALLY COMING DOWN IN BUCKETS!
I HOPE PERRY'S DOING OKAY...
?!?
HE'S GONE!
PERRY
PERRY
HIS STAKE MUST'VE GOTTEN LOOSE IN THE MUDDY GROUND...
BUT WHERE DID HE GO?

—OOH! THERE HE IS!
...IN THE SAME EXACT PLACE I FOUND HIM LAST WEEK...
...PERRY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
LOOKING FOR SOME-THING...
—AH-HA! HERE IT IS!
?
EEK! DON'T!
GIMME THAT!
GRAB!
-HEY!
ARE YOU CRAZY?!
WHADAYA WANNA DO THAT FOR?!
I'D BE CRAZY NOT TO DO IT!
NOW GIMME THAT GUN BACK!
LOOK AT ME, MIDGE! I'M A WRETCH!
I'M GONNA DIE OF PNEUMONIA ANYWAY, SO WHY PUT OFF THE INEVITABLE?
DON'T SAY THAT!
NO ONE'S GONNA DIE!

OH NO? YOU TRY LIVING IN A DOGHOUSE IN THIS WEATHER AND SEE HOW LONG YOU LAST!
IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY, PERRY! I'M DOING ALL I CAN TO CHANGE THE SITUATION!
IT'S BEEN A WEEK ALREADY!
HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO WAIT?!
-SIGH-... I DUNNO...
TELL YOU WHAT— LET'S GIVE IT ONE MORE WEEK...
IF NOTHING CHANGES, WE'LL GO TO PLAN B...
WHAT'S "PLAN B"?
I DUNNO. WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF ONE...
BUT I'M PRETTY FED UP WITH THIS PLACE MYSELF...
SO IF IT MEANS BOTH OF US LEAVING, SO BE IT...
R-REALLY?
BUT, WHERE WOULD WE GO?
AND WHAT ABOUT MY LEG?
YOU TELL ME. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOOK YOUR CAST OFF...
IT GOT SOPPING WET! IT ITCHED LIKE CRAZY!
MY LEG STILL HURTS WHEN I STAND ON IT, THOUGH...
I DOUBT I'D BE ABLE TO WALK VERY FAR ON IT...
HOW FAR IS THAT CABIN YOU TOLD ME ABOUT?
THE ONE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WERE LIVING IN...
IT'S FAR. REAL FAR.
WE'D NEVER MAKE IT ON FOOT.
AT LEAST IT'S AN OPTION...
IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL FIND A TARP TO DRAPE OVER YOUR DOGHOUSE...
AS WELL AS A DRY HIDING PLACE FOR YOUR GUN...
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN WE MIGHT NEED IT...
OKAY...
I SHOULD'VE PULLED THE TRIGGER WHILE I HAD THE CHANCE.

THE NEXT MORNING...
WASN'T IT NICE OF LYNN TO LET YOU HELP ME WITH MY CHORES?
SIMPLY KEEPING YOURSELF BUSY OUGHT TO MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF.
OH YEAH. MY SELF-ESTEEM IS GOING THROUGH THE ROOF...
PERRY
WHO MADE LYNN THE BOSS AROUND HERE, ANY-WAY?
OR DID SHE JUST MAKE HERSELF BOSS?
AT FIRST THERE WAS NO "BOSS"...
THIS PLACE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ENTIRELY EGALITARIAN...
BUT AFTER THE BOMB HIT AND WE WOUND UP STUCK HERE IT SEEMED LIKE SOMEBODY HAD TO TAKE OVER...
LYNN IS ALSO THE MOST DETERMINED TO MAKE THIS CAMP WORK, IF ONLY TO PROVE THAT WOMEN CAN GET BY WITHOUT MEN...
BAH. SHE IS A MAN...
OR WISHES SHE WAS, ANYWAY...
DON'T BE MEAN...
OH, RIGHT. I'M THE "MEAN" ONE...
SO HOW DID YOU WIND UP HERE?
PER
HOO-BOY. LONG STORY...
I'D JUST BROKEN UP WITH MY FIRST SERIOUS BOYFRIEND, AND I WAS AN EMOTIONAL WRECK BECAUSE OF IT...
SO SOME OF MY WOMEN'S STUDIES CLASS-MATES SUGGESTED I SPEND THE SUMMER AT THIS EXPERIMENTAL ALL-WOMEN'S RETREAT...
YOU KNOW, TO HELP GET MY HEAD TOGETHER 'N' STUFF...

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE JUST FOR A MONTH... BUT THEN DISASTER STRUCK, AND I'M STILL HERE...
WHAT ABOUT YOUR FAMILY?
MY MA LIVED IN SEATTLE, SO I ASSUME SHE'S DEAD...
AS FOR MY DAD, WHO KNOWS AND WHO CARES...
I SEE...
SORRY TO HEAR IT...
SO, IS THIS PLACE LIKE A BIG LESBO CAMP OR SOME-THING?
NOT OFFICIALLY. I WAS SORT OF INVOLVED WITH A GIRL WHEN I FIRST GOT HERE, BUT SHE LEFT SOON AFTER...
SO YOU'VE GOT NOTHING GOING ON WITH ANY OF THOSE OTHER WOMEN?
UGH! NO WAY!
THOUGH THAT'S BEEN THE SOURCE OF SOME TENSION AROUND HERE...
WELL, WELL, WELL...
ISN'T THIS COZY...
SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR LITTLE TEA PARTY, MIDGE, BUT YOU'VE GOT A TON OF WORK TO DO INSIDE...
YANK!
HEY! YOU WRECKED OUR TENT!
AND YOU TOLD ME TO PEEL THESE POTATOES!
HE CAN DO THE REST BY HIMSELF...
SO GET YOUR BUTT INSIDE NOW!
OKAY, OKAY! SHEESH!
(GRRRR... I'D LOVE TO STRANGLE THAT BITCH...)
(JOIN THE CLUB...)
(I'LL SEE YOU LATER...)

THAT NIGHT...
...RUMBLE... BRUMBLE... ...RUMBLE...
ZZZZZZZ...
SMASH!
?!? WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE A CAR JUST CRASHED THROUGH THE GATE!
I'D BETTER INVESTIGA—
OW!
BONK!
YAHOO!
RIGHT THIS WAY, GUYS!
JUST FOLLOW ME!
HEY! WHO THE FUCK IS OUT THERE?
SOUNDS LIKE A BUNCH OF DRUNKEN DUDES...
ONLY I CAN'T SEE WHO THEY ARE, OR HOW MANY...
STUPID GODDAMN CHAIN...
WHILE UPSTAIRS...
BLAM! BLAM!
?!? GUN SHOTS!
AND MEN'S VOICES!

TAKE THAT, YOU FUCKING BITCH!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE BEING KICKED AROUND FOR A CHANGE!
YEAH! KICK 'ER AGAIN!
OMIGOD! IT'S THAT KID!
COLDPL
I'VE GOTTA GET PERRY'S GUN...
I HOPE THEY DON'T SEE ME!
...NOW I'M GONNA CHOP HER HEAD OFF...
YEAH!
DO IT, DYLAN! DO IT!
LATER...
?!?
(PSST! HELLO?)
(COULD ONE OF YOU PEOPLE HELP ME OUT OVER HERE?)
YO, CHECK IT OUT!
THAT DUDE'S TIED UP LIKE A DOG!
UH, YEAH, HEH-HEH!
IT'S A FUNNY STORY, ACTUALLY. YOU SEE, I—
PERRY
WHAT ARE YOU, A PERV?
IS THIS PART OF SOME S+M TRIP OR SOME-THING?
WHAT? NO! I, UH...
...W-WHY IS HE LIGHTING THAT NEWS-PAPER ON FIRE?

YOU'RE INTO THIS, RIGHT?
YOU GET OFF ON IT, RIGHT?
HAW! I'M GONNA LIGHT ONE, TOO...
NO!
STOP!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
HALP!
—HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
CHECK OUT THIS PERV WE FOUND, DYLAN!
?!?
DYLAN? IT'S ME! PERRY!
PLEASE TELL THEM I'M YOUR FRIEND!
PERRY? WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?
"PERRY"?
YOU KNOW THIS GUY?
ME? WHAT ABOUT YOU?
AND WHAT WAS ALL THAT COMMOTION GOING ON INSIDE?
CHOMP!
OH, HEH-HEH...
WELL, AFTER OUR CAMP GOT DESTROYED GORDO AND I FORMED OUR OWN LITTLE "RAIDING PARTY"...
GORDO?! IS HE HERE, TOO?
YUP, HE'S PASSED OUT IN THE TRUCK...
MAN, THIS LOCK IS SOLID...
HOLD STILL WHILE I SHOOT IT OFF...
BLAM!
DID YOU GET IT? AM I FREE?

BLAM! BLAM!
COLDPLAY
HOLD STILL WHILE I SET YOU FREE...
MIDGE?!
WHY DID YOU SHOOT DYLAN? HE WAS GONNA HELP US!
BECAUSE HE RAPED AND KILLED EVERYBODY, THAT'S WHY!
IS ANYONE IN THAT TRUCK?
THEY SAID GORDO WAS PASSED OUT IN THERE...
PLEASE DON'T SHOOT HIM, MIDGE!
HE DIDN'T HURT ANYONE!
?!? IT'S EMPTY!
WHERE DID HE GO!
THE KEYS ARE STILL IN THE IGNITION...
LET'S TAKE IT.
BUT, WHAT ABOUT GORDO?
WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HIM!
HE ABANDONED YOU, DIDN'T HE?
NOW GET IN THE TRUCK!
VARROOOOM...
?!?
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
PSSSSS...
—HEY! COME BACK WITH MY @#%!$ TRUCK!
VZOOM!

THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
THEIR TRUCK'S GAS TANK WAS EMPTY...
AND THERE WAS NO GAS TO BE FOUND IN THE BARN...
I THINK THIS PLACE IS [redacted]
DRAT.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TRAVELLING BY FOOT FROM HERE ON...
WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE TRUCK HERE.
YOU THINK THERE'S ANY FOOD IN THAT HOUSE?
GAS
WELL, NO, NOT IF IT'S ABANDONED...
AND IT'D BE DANGEROUS TO FIND OUT IF IT ISN'T.
NO ONE SEEMS TO BE HOME EITHER WAY, SO LET'S FIND OUT.
W-WHAT IF THEY COME HOME WHILE WE'RE INSIDE?
I'LL STAND GUARD, JUST IN CASE...
DO IT FOR ME, PERRY! PLEASE?
I'M STARVING!
SIGH OKAY...
GIMME THE GUN—
NO! I NEED IT!
I'M STANDING GUARD, REMEMBER?
FINE! KEEP IT...
SO WHAT IF I GET ATTACKED BY SOME SHOTGUN WEILDING REDNECK AND HIS FIVE PITBULLS...

AND SO...
...HELLO?
TAP TAP
ANYBODY HOME?
GUESS NOT...
OKAY, NOW... LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE...
TIPPY TIP TOE...
AH-HA! THE MOTHER LOAD!
TUNA TUNA TUNA
SOUP SOUP SOUP
OKAY, SO OBVIOUSLY SOME-ONE DOES LIVE HERE...
...SO I'D BETTER BE QUICK BEFORE ANYONE—
—HEY!
?!?
YOU LITTLE FUCKIN' THIEF! WHY, I OUGHTA—
BASH!
YOU OUGHTA WHAT?!
STAB!

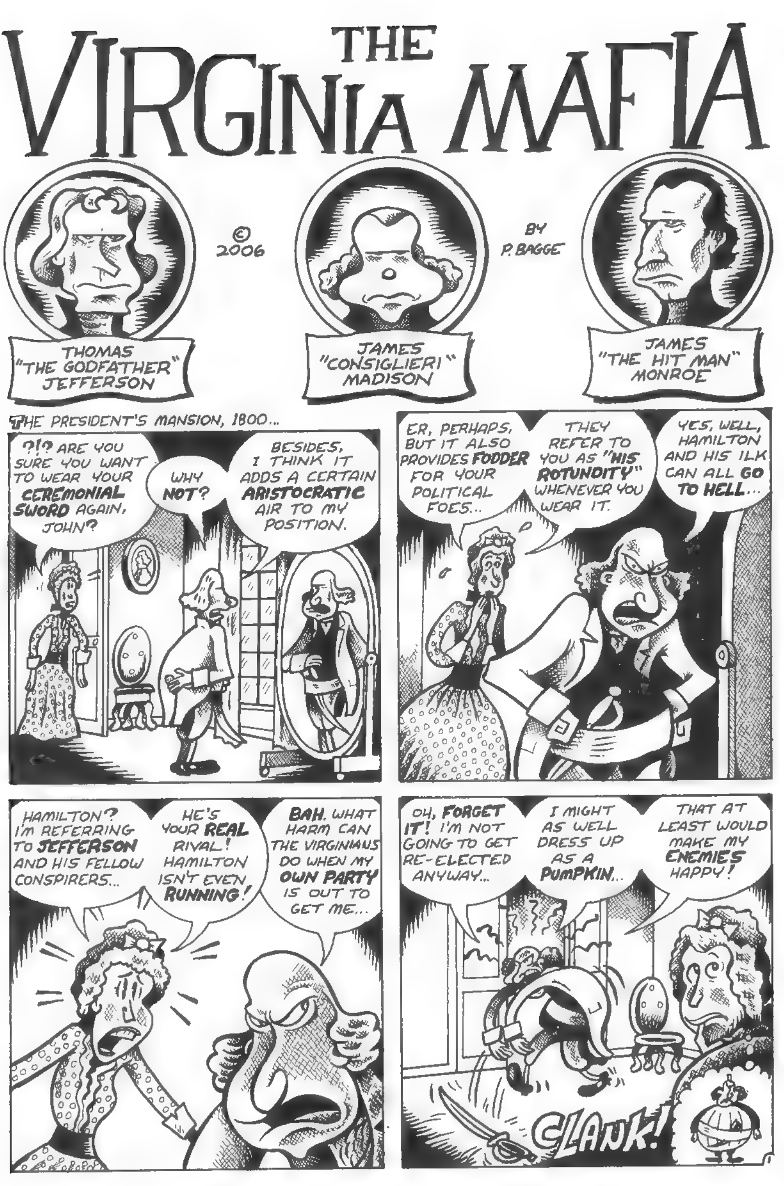
OMIGOD! I'M SO SORRY! I—
—HEY! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!
GRAB!
=ACK!=
=GUK!=
LET GO OF ME!
GRRRR..
PLOP!
=GURGLE=
ARGH!
JUST DIE, DAMMIT!
DIE!
STAB! STAB! STAB!
=HUFF=
=PUFF=
...GOOD GOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE ANY—
JOHN? WHAT WAS ALL THAT NOISE?
UH-OH!
12.

MEANWHILE...
WHAT'S TAKING PERRY SO LONG?
HE SHOULD'VE BEEN DONE BY NOW...
I HOPE HE ISN'T IN ANY TROUBLE...
I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE...
...HELLO? PERRY?
YOU OKAY?
...PERRY? I—
GASP
I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT, MIDGE! I SWEAR!
I HAD NO CHOICE!
HE SNUCK UP ON ME! THEY BOTH DID!
WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?
NO NEED TO EXPLAIN...
LET'S JUST TAKE WHAT WE NEED AND GO...
ER, WELL, THERE'S ONE BIG PROBLEM...
OH? WHAT'S THAT?
LOOK IN THERE...

OH, CRAP..
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, MIDGE?
WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE!
HE'LL STARVE TO DEATH!
WELL, WE CAN'T TAKE HIM WITH US, THAT'S FOR SURE...
WE CAN BARELY FEED OURSELVES, LET ALONE SOME ORPHAN.
BUT I'M THE REASON HE IS AN ORPHAN! WE CAN'T JUST—
WE'RE NOT TAKING HIM, AND THAT'S FINAL!
COULDN'T WE AT LEAST FIND A NEW HOME FOR HIM?
YEAH, RIGHT. "HI, WE JUST KILLED THIS BABY'S PARENTS. WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE HIM OFF OUR HANDS? THANKS."
WE COULD ALWAYS LEAVE HIM ON SOME-ONE'S DOORSTEP...
NO! TOO RISKY...
AND DON'T YOU DARE HOLD HIM!
SLAP!
OW! BUT...
WE HAVE NO CHOICE, PERRY...
THERE'S ONLY ONE HUMANE THING FOR US TO DO...
BUT...
I CAN'T, MIDGE...
FINE. I'LL DO IT, THEN...
YOU CAN WAIT OUTSIDE IF YOU WANT...
NOW SCAT!
BLAM!

LATER...
...SO HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT'LL TAKE US TO REACH THAT CABIN? A DAY? TWO DAYS? A WEEK?
NOT THAT WE'RE IN ANY RUSH, NOW THAT WE HAVE SEVERAL WEEKS WORTH OF FOOD...
I'M JUST WORRIED ABOUT YOUR LEG, WHAT WITH ALL THESE SUPPLIES WE'RE HAULING...
...PERRY? ARE YOU OKAY?
AM I OKAY, SHE ASKS...
NO! I'M NOT "OKAY"!
I'M A MURDERER! WE BOTH ARE!
WE'RE A COUPLE OF MONSTERS!
HMPF. SPEAK FOR YOURSELF...
I PREFER THE TERM "SURVIVOR"...
BUT AT WHAT COST, MIDGE?
WE CAN NEVER THINK OF OURSELVES AS DECENT, MORAL HUMAN BEINGS AGAIN!
BUT THERE'S NO ROOM FOR "DECENCY" OR "MORALITY" IN THIS NEW WORLD WE LIVE IN!
WE DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY OF THIS, PERRY! IT WAS THRUST UPON US!
BLAME THE NORTH KOREANS! IT'S THEIR FAULT!
SIGH...I SUPPOSE...
CAN WE REST FOR A WHILE?
MY LEG HURTS...

END OF PART FIVE



THE VIRGINIA MAFIA
© 2006
BY P. BAGGE
THOMAS "THE GODFATHER" JEFFERSON
JAMES "CONSIGLIERI" MADISON
JAMES "THE HIT MAN" MONROE
THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION, 1800...
?!? ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO WEAR YOUR CEREMONIAL SWORD AGAIN, JOHN?
WHY NOT?
BESIDES, I THINK IT ADDS A CERTAIN ARISTOCRATIC AIR TO MY POSITION.
ER, PERHAPS, BUT IT ALSO PROVIDES FODDER FOR YOUR POLITICAL FOES...
THEY REFER TO YOU AS "HIS ROTUNDITY" WHENEVER YOU WEAR IT.
YES, WELL, HAMILTON AND HIS ILK CAN ALL GO TO HELL...
HAMILTON? I'M REFERRING TO JEFFERSON AND HIS FELLOW CONSPIRERS...
HE'S YOUR REAL RIVAL! HAMILTON ISN'T EVEN RUNNING!
BAH. WHAT HARM CAN THE VIRGINIANS DO WHEN MY OWN PARTY IS OUT TO GET ME...
OH, FORGET IT! I'M NOT GOING TO GET RE-ELECTED ANYWAY...
I MIGHT AS WELL DRESS UP AS A PUMPKIN...
THAT AT LEAST WOULD MAKE MY ENEMIES HAPPY!
CLANK!
1

THREE YEARS EARLIER, IN THE HOME OF THE VICE PRESIDENT...
GENTLEMEN, I INSIST YOU TRY THE TOMATO SAUCE...
I FOUND THE RECIPE WHILE TRAVELLING IN ITALY... IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS!
TOMATOES? AREN'T THEY A TYPE OF NIGHT-SHADE?
NIGHT-SHADE IS A POISON, SIR!
TRUE, BUT TOMATOES ARE NOT...
PLEASE, TRY IT! BE ADVENTUROUS!
ER, SORRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT...
...BUT I THINK WE OUGHT TO BE DISCUSSING OUR LONG-TERM POLITICAL GOALS.
ALWAYS EAGER TO TALK ABOUT POLITICS, EH, JAMES?
VERY WELL, THEN— HOW WILL WE UNSEAT ADAMS IN THE 1800 ELECTION?
WELL, RIGHT NOW HIS OWN PARTY WANTS TO DO HIM IN...
SO PERHAPS WE SHOULD JUST SIT BACK AND—
BUT I FEAR HAMILTON MORE THAN ADAMS...
WE NEED TO INSURE THAT ADAMS REMAINS THEIR MAN.
THEN WE NEED TO TAKE OL' ALEX DOWN A PEG. ONLY HOW?
AHEM! PERHAPS YOU RECALL A CERTAIN MARIA REYNOLDS?
AH YES, THE REYNOLDS AFFAIR...
BUT THAT'S ALL BEEN QUIETLY SETTLED, HASN'T IT?
YES, THOUGH I STILL POSSESS ALEX'S LOVE LETTERS TO HER...
AS WELL AS HER HUSBAND'S BLACKMAIL LETTERS!
LETTERS GIVEN TO YOU IN CONFIDENCE, AS I RECALL.
TRUE, BUT WHAT IF THEY ACCIDENTALLY FELL INTO THE WRONG HANDS...
LIKE, SAY, THOSE OF AN UNSCRUPULOUS PAMPHLETEER...
WHY, THAT WOULD BE AWFUL! HA HA!
WERE IT ANYONE BUT HAMILTON, I'D BE APPALLED...
AS IT IS, I SAY DO YOUR WORST, JAMES...
JUST LEAVE MY NAME OUT OF IT.
WILL DO, SIR.
?!? WHERE ARE YOU TWO OFF TO? YOU'VE HARDLY EATEN A THING!
I, UH, NEED TO GET ON THIS RIGHT AWAY...
AND I'M, UH, HIS RIDE...
GOOD DAY, SIR!

THREE YEARS BEFORE THAT, IN THE RESIDENCE OF TREASURY SECRETARY ALEXANDER HAMILTON...
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JAMES...
OR RATHER, CONGRESSMAN MONROE...
WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK?
NO, THANKS. I'M HERE ON OFFICIAL CONGRESSIONAL BUSINESS...
RATHER UNPLEASANT BUSINESS, I'M AFRAID...
OH? REGARDING?
REGARDING THE CRIMINAL ALLEGATIONS MADE AGAINST YOU BY A JAMES REYNOLDS...
I SEE. ALL LIES, TOO...
HE WANTS ME TO TAKE THE FALL FOR HIS OWN THIEVERY...
HE HOPED I'D GO ALONG IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS KEEPING MY AFFAIR WITH HIS WIFE A SECRET...
?!? YOUR WHAT?!
NOW THAT I MUST OWN UP ON ONE OR THE OTHER, I CHOOSE THE LATTER...
IF YOU MET HER I'M SURE YOU'D UNDERSTAND...
MARIA'S QUITE A PIECE OF ASS...
I-I ADMIRE YOUR CANDOR, SIR...
HERE'RE OUR LOVE LETTERS, AS WELL AS HIS BLACKMAIL THREATS...
ALL OF WHICH PROVES MY INNOCENCE OF HIS CORRUPTION CHARGES...
?!?
BUT AS FORMER COMRADES IN ARMS, I TRUST THAT THIS NEWS OF MY AFFAIR WILL BE KEPT FROM THE PUBLIC...
Y-YOU HAVE MY WORD, SIR.
AND SO...
OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY...
WAIT'LL TOMMY HEARS ABOUT THIS!

FOUR YEARS LATER, AT THE PLANTATION HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON...
THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ALEX FOR A WHILE...
NOW HOW DO WE DEFEAT ADAMS?
I HAVE ONE IDEA, THOUGH IT MAY BE A DANGEROUS ONE...
LET'S HEAR IT!
THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF ALEXANDER HAMILT
I SAY WE RECRUIT A POWERFUL NORTHERNER TO RUN AS OUR V.P. CANDIDATE...
SOMEONE RESOURCEFUL, LIKE, SAY, AARON BURR...
BURR?! HE WAS TOM'S RUNNING MATE IN THE LAST ELECTION!
A LOT OF GOOD THAT DID US!
AH, BUT HE'S SINCE PUT TOGETHER QUITE A POLITICAL MACHINE, BASED IN TAMMANY HALL...
HIS NEWFOUND INFLUENCE WOULD AT LEAST GUARANTEE US NEW YORK
BUT WHAT IF HIS FOLLOWERS VOTE FOR HIM INSTEAD OF TOM?
IF NEED BE, HE'LL SIMPLY SWING SOME OR ALL OF HIS ELECTORAL VOTES TO TOM...
BUT CAN WE TRUST HIM TO DO THAT?
HE HAS QUITE A REPUTATION AS A SCHEMER...
WHICH IS WHY HE WON'T WIN, AND HE KNOWS IT...
I'VE ALREADY RUN THIS IDEA BY HIM, AND HE'S ALL FOR IT.
VERY WELL, THOUGH I'M LOATHE TO PUT MY TRUST IN YET ANOTHER NEW YORK CITY SLICKER...
ER, ONE OF YOUR WALLS IS MISSING, TOM.
YES, I'M RENOVATING AGAIN...
I THINK OF MONTICELLO AS A PERPETUAL WORK IN PROGRESS...
MORE LIKE A DRAFTY WORK IN PROGRESS!

*A CHILDHOOD ILLNESS LEFT JOHN RANDOLPH SEXUALLY UNDEVELOPED, AND THUS HAD A HIGH-PITCHED VOICE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION, 1804...
THOMAS! HAVE YOU HEARD?!
VICE PRESIDENT BURR SHOT AND KILLED HAMILTON IN A DUEL!
SO I'VE BEEN TOLD...
GRIM NEWS INDEED...
THOSE TWO WERE OFTEN BUTTING HEADS, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD COME TO THIS!
BURR WASN'T GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS, EITHER! IT WAS SHOOT TO KILL!
SIGH... WHAT A WASTE...
MEANWHILE, BURR HAS TAKEN FLIGHT, NOW THAT THERE'S A WARRANT OUT FOR HIS ARREST!
HIS POLITICAL CAREER IS RUINED, EVEN IF THE CHARGES ARE DROPPED...
NOW, NOW, GENTLEMEN...
THIS IS NO TIME FOR SUCH TALK...
YES, THEY BOTH WERE OFTEN OUR ADVERSARIES— AND WORTHY ONES AT THAT..
BUT FOR NOW WE SHOULD BE MOURNING THE PASSING OF A GREAT PATRIOT...
YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR...
I'LL COMPOSE A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE RIGHT AWAY...
SHUT
CLICK!
END

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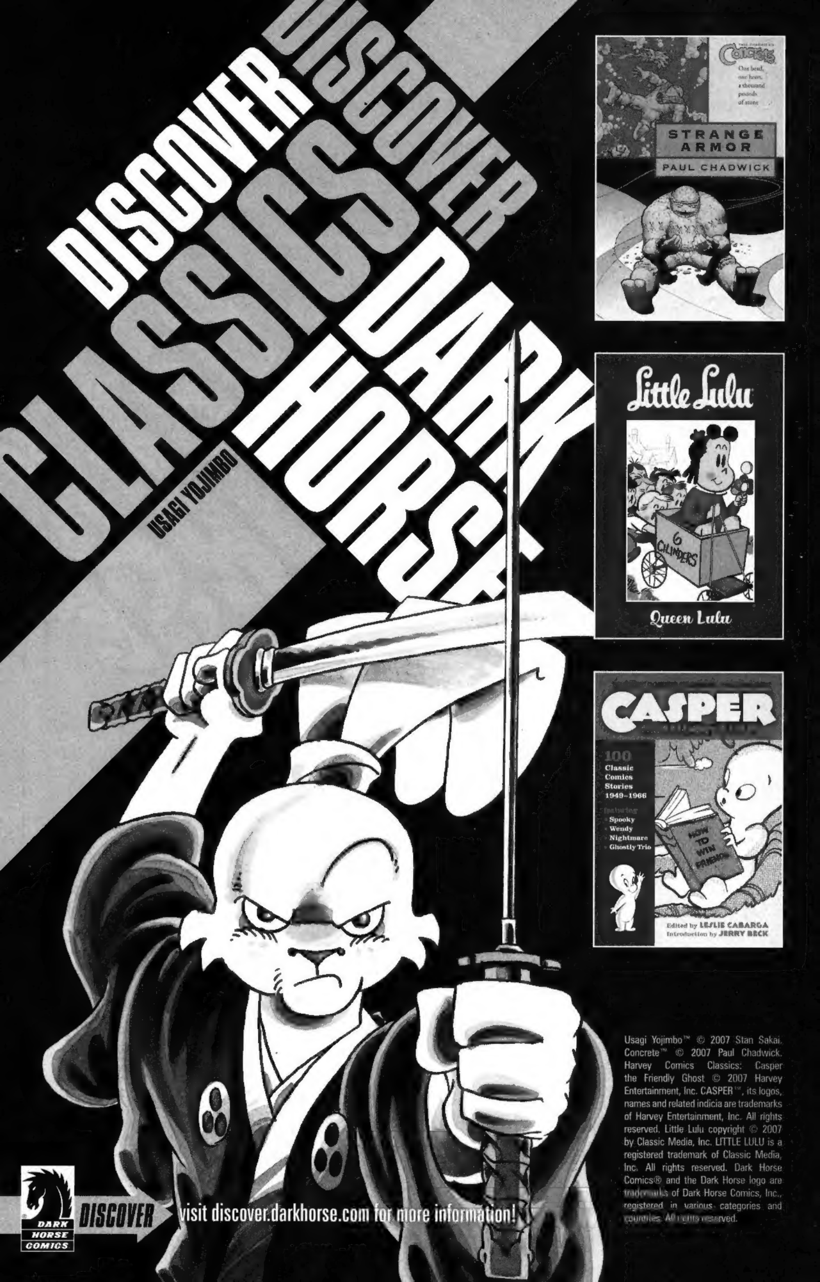

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DISCOVER HORSEPOWER
DISCOVER DARK HORSE
JULY 2007

NEW WORLD DISCOVERED BY NELSON, CAMP & STEWART! VISIT *ZERO KILLER* THIS JULY! As Dark Horse Comics readers know, finding new worlds is *EASY*.

Here at Dark Horse, I've been visiting plenty of new worlds. Our *Star Wars* editorial team launches expeditions to brand new worlds practically every day. Diana Schutz is organizing summer field trips to the violent, unpredictable worlds of Frank Miller and Dave Gibbons's *Martha Washington Dies* and Matt Wagner's *Grendel*. Shawna Gore's working with Steve Niles and the legendary Bernie Wrightson to bring *City of Others*' weird world of talking severed heads and microchip-controlled zombie hordes to life. See? Strange, new worlds are easy to find!

Discovering strange, new, *post-apocalyptic* worlds is especially enjoyable to me. I've been working with an amazing team to bring Hiroki Endo's *Eden* manga series to English-language readers—in all of its post-pandemic, character-driven, gory glory! Editor-Savant Dave Land is the midwife for *two* post-apocalyptic comic book series, *Apocalypse Nerd* and *Fear Agent*. In *Fear Agent: The Last Goodbye*, Earth is invaded by several different alien species at the same time and pretty much obliterated. As you know, dear reader, once Earth is invaded by aliens, overcome by deadly viruses, nuked, and/or filled with zombies, it also becomes an entirely new world . . . a world with its own tricky rules of survival, new dangers, and—if you're lucky—new heroes. Which brings us to the new world of *Zero Killer*, debuting this July.

Arvid Nelson, the mind behind Dark Horse's *Rex Mundi* series, has created another exciting world—an alternate history Earth in which nuclear attacks in the early 1970s wiped out over 90 percent of the human race. Thirty-something years later, New York City is ravaged, ransacked, and under about one hundred feet of foul water. After decades of scavenging, fighting, and barely getting by, New York survivors have fallen into gang rule and an entirely new society has formed, based on feudal relationships between desperate survivors and the physically and politically superior gang leaders. These remnants of humanity scratch out their violent lives in ragtag groups living in crumbling skyscrapers.

This is Zero's world, and he's an enigma. Zero is a skilled bounty hunter, an independent operator also known as a "trashman," who moves through the city with ease. Tracking down renegade gang members and "strays" in exchange for food and gear, Zero works for anyone and pledges allegiance to none. He certainly isn't beyond an altruistic turn or two, but he's powered by his own agenda and dreams. Oddly enough, *Zero Killer* is as much about grindhouse action and post-apocalyptic nightmares as it is about following your dreams—but you'll get all that when you read the series.

In addition to Matt Camp's detailed, brilliant line art, Eisner Award–winning colorist Dave Stewart takes a unique approach to the colors in *Zero Killer*, giving the series a distinctive, irradiated look that will certainly keep you mesmerized and eager to see more. You can meet Zero and read a preview of *Zero Killer* at darkhorse.com, and an extensive guide to Zero's world is posted at zerokiller.com. This July, treat yourself to a trip to a new world that promises visual and intellectual thrills. Discover the world of *Zero Killer*.

–Philip Simon

DARK HORSE HEROES

CHRIS POWELL, Lone Star Comics, Dallas-Fort Worth
In addition to being one of the Nation's most vocal and effective comics retailers, Mr. Powell is a collector of tiki mugs and indigenous art, lives with his dog (Solo) and 2 cats (Jack & Sally), and loves to lose money at roulette. Put it all on 22, Chris! Trust us.

GEORGES JEANTY
Georges has been garnering a ton of critical acclaim for his pencils on runaway hit *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, but that's not his only talent. In his spare time, DJ Georges likes spinning records (particularly Prince), and is an avid ballroom dancer. Break a leg, Georges! Just not your sketching hand!

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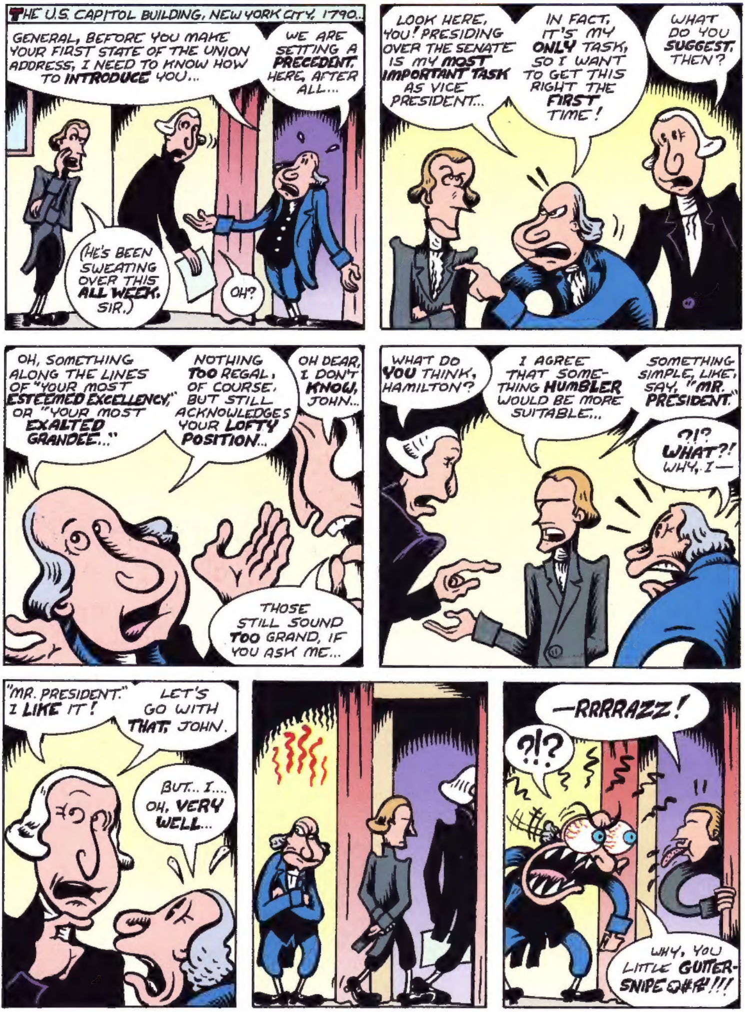

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